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thology.* The ingenious author, who, under the name of Doblado, has thrown great light on the character and condition of modern Spain, has devoted a chapter to tracing out the genealogies of the games and popular pastimes of his country. Something of the same kind might be attempted in the untrodden walks of nursery literature. Ignorance and youth are satisfied at no great cost of invention. The legend of one generation answers, with little variation, for the next; and, within the precincts of the nursery, obtains that imperishable existence, which has been the vain boast of many a loftier lyric. That the Mythology of one age should be abandoned to the 'Juvenile Cabinet' of another, is indeed curious. Thus the doctrines most venerated by man in the infancy of society, become the sport of infants in an age of civilization; furnishing a pleasing example of the progress of the human intellect, and a plausible coloring for the dream of perfectibility.

ART. VIII.—ΑΝΑΛΕΚΤΑ ἙΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ ΜΕΙΖΟΝΑ, *sive Collectanea Græca Majora, ad Usum Academicæ Juventutis accommodata; cum Notis Philologicis, quas partim collegit, partim scripsit* ANDREAS DALZEL, *A.M. &c. Editio quarta Americana, ex Auctoribus correcta, prioribus emendatio, cum Notis aliquot interjectis.* Cantabrigiæ, Mass. Sumtibus Cummings, Hilliard, et Soc. 1824. 2 vol. 8vo. [Stereotyped.]

WE have long been intending to take notice of this American edition of an approved class book, not so much in the belief, that any commendations of ours will give it an additional passport to public favor, as for the sake of expressing our unfeigned respect for its learned and accurate editor. Professor Popkin, than whom America has never produced a scholar more pro-

* 'Lady bird, Lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam.'

This fragment of a respectable little poem has soothed the slumbers of the German infant for many ages. The Giant, who so cunningly scented the 'blood of an Englishman,' is the counterpart of the personage recorded in the collection of Icelandic mythology, made by Snorro in the thirteenth century. *Edda, Fable 23.*

found in the department of Grecian learning, has here given us a better edition of this book, which has often made its appearance at Edinburgh and London, than any that preceded it. Accidental omissions have been restored; the text of the extracts carefully compared with the best editions of the authors; the references examined and altered where erroneous, and errors of the press removed; so that in all, at least *ten thousand* inaccuracies have been corrected. We do not say *ten thousand* by way of exaggeration, but, after a diligent examination, believe that that number is within the limits of exactness. With the notes, we could wish Professor Popkin had used more freedom. He has occasionally added a short remark; and wherever we see his name as authority for an observation, we are sure of finding it concisely expressed, and in itself valuable; and he shows his confidence in his own accuracy by often deciding questions of doubtful criticism.

The fact itself, that this stereotype edition of a large body of selections from Greek literature, should have been published among us, is in many respects worthy of remark. It augurs well of the state of learning, both by the manner in which the work has been superintended and executed, and by the liberality with which it is encouraged on the part of the public. To those who are fond of contrasts, it may seem a strange appointment of destiny, that the philosopher, who saw the new Atlantis only with the eye of imagination, should, at this late day, give lessons in morality to our Western world; and that the poet, who is believed by some to have conceived his master works and embodied them in language before letters were invented, should now have at least a portion of them preserved on stereotype plates in a hemisphere to him unknown.

It is far from our intention at this time to enter into any vindication of classical learning. Almost every view of the subject has already been publicly given. We shall at present only glance at a few objections, which we often hear strenuously urged against the study of antiquity. It is right, and maintained on all sides, that youth is to acquire that which manhood must use. If there are any to whom extended knowledge will be of no value, who are indifferent to the history of human culture, and have no interest in contemplating the various aspects under which intellectual power has been exhibited, we say they would better regulate their pursuits accordingly. Of what use is classical learning, or any liberal learning to them? In England

we are told, that Greek and Latin are made the main pursuits, and yet are not acquired ; that boys pass their time in devising the means of escaping from learning them. This proves, that the English schools need a reform in discipline, and proves no more. To be sure, men have attained to the highest eminence without liberal learning. Franklin, to name no less a name, is given as an example. But the argument proves too much or nothing. If it establishes anything, it shows the folly of methodical instruction altogether, and represents the printer's office, the ploughman's field, or the deck of a ship, as equally good schools for the high purposes of life. Yet the men, who advance this argument, do not practise by it. They do not attempt to cultivate the minds of their children by putting them to a trade, or keeping them on a farm, or sending them to sea. A man may rise above the condition of his youth ; but he rises in spite of difficulties ; it is cruel mockery to represent the matter to him in any other light. If he is great without the advantages of education ; *idem ego contendo, cum ad naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit ratio quædam conformatioque doctrinæ, tum illud nescio quid præclarum ac singulare solere existere.*

Our country is an active, practical one ; flourishing by commerce and agriculture, and domestic industry. Of what use are the classics to merchants, manufacturers, and farmers ? Certainly a man will not fill the shelves of his countinghouse with Latin and Greek books ; and the ancient writers would be out of place on Central wharf, or in Pearl street (we mean the Pearl street of our prosperous neighbours, for in our own the munificence of merchants has already made a most liberal establishment for learning and science of all kinds) ; but if the classics have nothing to do with merchandise, they may yet benefit the mind ; they may not assist in doing business, and yet be of service in forming the character ; they may not assist the merchant, and yet they may exalt the man.

But all things are changing ; times and men, manners and pursuits. Once it was necessary for a man to know how to tilt at a tourney ; and now he is not disgraced, though ignorant of the use of a lance. Once the yeomanry of Old England were expert in handling the crossbow ; and now, though there may hardly be a crossbow in all New England, we are justly proud of our yeomanry. Certainly if the same reasoning can be applied to classical learning, the analogy is fair and irresistible. We have heard it asserted, that it does apply. We do not say, that

it does not ; only let the inference be founded on the hypothesis. If modern ages have produced such minds, that the master spirits of Greece are feeble in comparison ; if ‘ the lifeblood embalmed and preserved ’ in their works is worth no more than an Egyptian mummy ; if the modern muse has sung with such sweet accents, that the voice of the ancient goddess is comparatively harsh or shrill ; if recent criticism has made the precepts of antiquity useless, and deprived their examples of majestic, impassioned, elevated, practical eloquence, of their value ; it is then absurd to make use of classical studies for the purposes of education.

But then of what use, it is demanded, has learning been to the learned ? Men, who have studied antiquity thoroughly, have yet written poorly ; and scholars, who knew the Latin grammar by heart, have used English ill. It would be marvellous, indeed, if the classics were a corrective for dulness. So far their earnest admirers never went in their assertions. If a man of feeble mind, after long research, is the parent of but a feeble production, would he have done better, if left wholly to his own resources ? If an unthrifty man, with a large capital given him, can yet do no business, would he have done more with no capital at all, and with no resources but his own shiftlessness ? In the work of an inferior understanding, which has yet made valuable acquisitions, a curious fact or an ingenious remark may sometimes be found ; but what can you expect from a dull man who knows nothing ?

Let others, if they will, declaim against the pursuits of learning ; we cannot join in the cry, which seems to us to be directed against the public good. For have we so much of erudition, that it is becoming a nuisance ? Is there any danger in our country, that contemplative life will be too frequently embraced, or habits of study too generally cherished ? For ourselves, it seems to us a duty to speak in behalf of letters, whenever we have opportunity ; to be instant in that sacred cause, both in season and out of season. There are men enough, who are willing to embark in public life on ‘ the troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes ; ’ we rejoice when we hear of any, who have a taste for a ‘ calm and pleasing solitariness,’ where, ‘ fed with cheerful and confident thoughts,’ they may learn to behold ‘ the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.’

Though we have been led into a longer train of remarks, than we had intended, we are not willing, while expressing our respect for the learned Professor, to whom we owe this edition of the *Collectanea Majora*, to forego so good an opportunity of noticing in our Journal a European scholar, who through a long course of years stood first among the philologists of his time.

It is now nearly two years since Frederic Augustus Wolf died at an advanced age in the South of France, while travelling in the hope of finding, under a milder sky, some relief from the infirmities of years. This most celebrated scholar of our times was born of humble parents in 1757, at Hainrode, in the county of Hohenstein. Hardly was he seven years old, before he was entered at the Gymnasium in Nordhausen; and at seventeen, he repaired to the University of Göttingen. He brought with him the reputation of having already acquired, by private research, an extraordinary acquaintance with the works of the ancients. The love of his favorite study led him at once to Heyne, who questioned him on his plans of life. When he declared his intention of devoting himself to classical philology, Heyne, who had himself in the early part of his life suffered extremely from the want of pecuniary means, endeavored to dissuade him from it by explaining to him, how poor a prospect was opened to a man of learning. 'There are but three Professorships of Eloquence in all Germany,' said he. 'And one of those three I am determined to have,' replied the young aspirant; and, in fact, before he was twentyseven he had gained his object. While at the university, Wolf was very capricious in his attendance on lectures, superciliously asserting, that little was to be learnt from them; and indeed throughout all his life, he was consistent in maintaining, that he had never derived any benefit from the instructions of Heyne. In 1777, Wolf, at Heyne's instance, received an appointment as a teacher in the Gymnasium of Ilfeld, a most retired and beautifully situated cloister in the vicinity of the Harz mountains. In the following year he was made Rector of the Latin school of Osterrode, a city in the district of the Harz mountains. In 1783, he accepted an invitation to become Professor of Eloquence in the University of Halle, where he pursued his high literary career with boldness, ardor, and, we believe, with prodigious, though irregular industry. The title of Privy Counsellor was given him in 1805, and when Halle was annexed to the kingdom of Westphalia, Wolf was transferred to Berlin; and though he did not take an active

part in the new University, which was then establishing in that city, he still professed to read lectures, and to devote himself to literary occupations. But here was the trial of his character. Where a man is forced to labor by his very situation, and has his time filled up with duties that cannot be avoided, almost any one succeeds well enough in maintaining respectability. But it is the use which a man makes of his leisure, that shows the spirit he is of; and if prosperity is in general the great trial of character, it is the opportunity to be indolent, which is the true touchstone of the scholar. Wolf, when he found himself possessed of leisure and a pension, became idle and set up for a fine gentleman. But it would not do. With all his efforts the man, who had spent his youth among the mountains, and his manhood among books, never could get the air of a courtier; and, for the most part, the men of the world and of diplomatic celebrity cared very little about him. Some few were fond of his intercourse, but it was the Professor's erudition which they coveted, and not the society of the Privy Counsellor. Wolf was a man of profound and accurate learning, of most rare sagacity, and admirable genius; but he allowed base propensities to grow strong within him, and did not even keep clear of vulgar dissipation and lowlived profligacy.

The stranger that would see him, might expect to find him on a sunny morning in the park between eleven and one, or at the best *restaurateur's* about three, or an hour or two later at his own rooms, yielding to the listlessness that attends the digestion of a large dinner. If joined on his walks, and he preferred society, he would, with delightful garrulity, tell the story of his early life, repeat his good sayings, especially his severe ones, fight his battles with Heyne over again, or express his utter contempt for others by whom he had been assailed. He would, with equal liveliness, recount the persons of rank, by whom he had been treated with civility, and make mention of any good servants he might chance to have employed, and especially of the good dishes they used to prepare; and now and then he would speak of the poetry he admired, and the examples of ancient or of modern worth to which his kindly heart offered a willing tribute of respect. For he retained to the last something of the lofty spirit of a scholar; if he loved good cheer, he loved a good book also; and the charms of the modern opera, and the admirable talents of the Berlin stage, never made him faithless to his Grecian favorites. If he knew

the most exquisite airs in the last work of Rossini, he did not give up his knowledge of the most delightful strains in the Greek choruses, and could point out the sweetest cadences of the polished verse of Aristophanes ; and though he could give you the statistics of all the pastry shops in Berlin, and tell you even at what time of day you must call in to get the good things as they came hot from the oven, he yet retained a soul for the unearthly sublimity of Plato.

He prided himself also on his knowledge of the English, which he could speak pretty well ; and truth compels us to add, though it may make against his taste and his morality in letters, that Fielding's *Tom Jones* was his favorite work. His pronunciation of the French was not good, yet he held himself perfectly competent to judge of the delicacies and rules of that language. His conversation was most various, and often most instructive. Sometimes he would repeat the newest tale of scandal, and sometimes he would take up a volume of some Greek bard, and with his clear voice, which was melody itself, read aloud the perfect hexameters of Homer, or run through the mazes of a Pindaric strophe, or follow the rapid anapests of the comic Muse.

To give the character of Wolf in a few words, we should only have to say, that in his moral and physical characteristics, he was an illustrious example of the sanguineous temperament. He was fond of believing himself like Bentley, and was pleased to have an analogy traced between his own character and reputation and those of the English critic. Yet were we to look into history for another like him, however strange and far fetched it may seem to compare a warrior and a philologist, we should hardly know whom to select but the son of Antigonus, the intrepid, the ardent, the licentious, and, finally, the indolent Demetrius. Indeed Wolf was the very Poliorcetes among critics, laying siege to many an opinion, which seemed strongly and impregably garrisoned by the authority of ancient names. Had the Teian bard for centuries been extolled for grace and sweetness ? Wolf threw out the assertion (which Brunck and Hermann have likewise made, and endeavored to prove from the laws of metre), that the poems now cited as Anacreon's are not genuine, and that the world has been cheated into an admiration of paltry imitations. Had every school-boy learnt to extol the rhetoric and the epistolary elegance of Cicero ? Wolf cast a suspicion on the collection of epistles

which we possess, as containing many that are not Tully's, and positively denied the authenticity of four of the orations, that for Marcellus among the number. Or had the student of letters, when he made his pilgrimage to the fountain of epic song, been accustomed to pay homage to the genius of one blind minstrel? Wolf was prepared to demonstrate, so that the blind might see, that the Iliad and Odyssey are but admirable pieces of Mosaic; a set of rhapsodies, naturally unconnected, but fastened together in the dovetail way by some fortunate and ingenious workman.

Wolf was not only a sagacious critic of the works of others; he knew also himself how to use language well. There was, however, a ridiculous affectation about him as to his own tongue. In a most ingenious essay on the Science of Antiquity, he apologizes for employing the German, and has the impudence to say, it is less familiar to him than the Latin. His style in German is artificial, yet skilful, and distinguished by a rare degree of accuracy in the choice of expressions. But his greatest performance in the German is his Translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes, which may be read with all the interest that the Greek play can excite. The translation is exact, line for line, throughout the whole, and the measure of the original is preserved in all its varieties. A dispute had taken place in Germany about the use of the *trochee* in German hexameters. Klopstock had used it freely; and Voss had not abstained from it. Wolf ridiculed the idea, and to show with what fidelity Homer might be translated, he began a version of the Odyssey, strictly literal, exhausting the meaning of the Greek words, and adding nothing; and all the while giving not merely line for line, but foot for foot, and *cæsura* for *cæsura*. When he had finished exactly one hundred lines in this manner, he stopped in the midst of a period, declaring that there lived not the man in all Germany who could go on and finish the sentence. Another proof of his arrogance we have in his version of one of Plato's dialogues. Cicero had, in one of his works, translated a long passage from the Euthyphron; Wolf translated the whole of the dialogue into Latin, in a most masterly manner, and on purpose, as he has been heard to say, that he might strive with Cicero himself for the first honors in this exercise in the Roman dialect.

But we need not accumulate more facts to illustrate his character. He owes his high reputation to his having actually possessed genius. There is the air of a man of rare intellect about all

that he did. His great faults were an excessive vanity, and an entire want of religious principle, in respect to which he was a very heathen. Of the great works on which his reputation rests, we have now no time to enlarge.

We take leave of him, and of the subject of Greek learning in our country, with the hope of being able hereafter to treat the question relating to classical learning historically. By tracing the field of ancient learning from the subjugation of Greece to the present time, it will appear, that the study of the classical writers has advanced with the prosperity and practical industry of each nation ; that it has declined where the spirit of free inquiry, and the enterprise of men, have been checked, and the thralldom of superstition asserted ; that it has flourished best in the busiest and freest times, and that it assisted mankind to break the chains of authority in matters of religion and philosophy ; from all which it might be lawful to make some inferences as to its tendency, its power, its value, and its adaptation to the present state of our society.

ART. IX.—1. *The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna ; a Descriptive Tale.* By THE AUTHOR OF 'PRECAUTION.' New York. Charles Wiley. 1823. 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Last of the Mohicans ; a Narrative of 1757.* By THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PIONEERS.' Philadelphia. H. C. Carey & I. Lea. 1826. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE experiment of adapting American scenes, events, and characters to historical romance, was suggested but a few years ago. It has since been abundantly tried, and is still going on to such an extent, that we should have ample cause to regret the little countenance we may have given it, did we feel ourselves called upon to review, or even to read, half the trash which appears daily under this disguise. Mr Cooper, however, has the almost singular merit of writing American novels which everybody reads, and which we are of course bound to review now and then. For these last five or six years he has supplied the reading public annually with a repast of five or six hundred pages of such matter ; so that we have a right to consider him